THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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☞ Always in Advance. ☜

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Selected Poetry.

"HAVE PATIENCE."

A youth and maid, one winter night,
Were sitting in the corner,
His name we're told, was Josh'ua White,
And hers was Patience Warner.

Not much the pretty maiden said,
Beside the young man sitting;
Her cheeks were flushed with a rosy red,
Her eyes bent on her knitting.

Not could he guess what thoughts of him
Were in her bosom flocking,
As her fair fingers swift and slim,
Flew round and round her stocking.

While, as for Joshua, bashful youth,
His words grew fewer and fewer;
Though all the time to tell the truth,
His chair edged nearer to her.

Meantime her ball of yarn gave out,
She knit so fast and steady;
And he must give his aid no doubt,
To get another ready.

He held the skein, of course the thread
Got tangled, snarled and twisted;
"Have patience!" cried the artless maid,
To him who her assisted.

Good chance was this for tongue-tied churl,
To shorten all palaver;
"Have patience!" cried he, "dearest girl!
And may I really have her?"

The deed was done; no more that night,
Clicked needles in the corner;
And she is Mrs. Joshua White
That once was Patience Warner.

Selected Miscellany.

ON FIRE.

The recent terrible catastrophe in Santiago recalls vividly to my mind one of the most extraordinary adventures of my chequered life. Five-and-twenty years ago, I was captain of the Northern light, a large schooner trading between Hull and St. Petersburgh. A long acquaintance with the vicissitudes of the Russian climate had made me somewhat reckless. The consequence was, that one 30th of October I found my vessel tight locked in ice. I had stayed a week too long, in my eagerness to take a full cargo of timber, and I was justly punished for my temerity; a prisoner till the middle or end of April, far away from my friends, and doing what a livery-stable-keeper would call "eating my own head off."

Being, however, of a sanguine temperament, and having no wife at home to be anxious about, I resolved to make the best of it, and enjoy myself as well as I could. I saw all the sights of St. Petersburgh, from Peter the Great's wooden house down to the mammoth. I visited Moscow. I went bear hunting. I drove about in sledges. I fell in love and fell out again. Nor did I neglect business. I frequently attended the Exchange, and made myself known to the chief tallow, hemp, and timber merchants. I studied Russian commerce. I arranged for cargoes for two years to come. The Anglo-Russians are very hospitable and, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Anderson, the English banker, my hotel expenses were very small. My fur coats were my chief expense; they cost me a large sum then; but I reckoned that they would last me my life, and so they have—at least, I wear them to this day.

Nevertheless, I pined for the hour of liberty. An idle life did not suit a man of my temperament—one who had been at sea ever since he was twelve years old. Like all sailors, I was always grumbling against the sea, and yet I was never happy away from it. At last the order of my release came. The ice on the Neva, opposite the custom-house especially, began to melt into thin bars an inch or so wide. It became dangerous to venture on it, except where it was piled with snow. The ice-slabs on the quay began to break, when I pushed them with my stick, into glassy fragments. Here and there some spaces began to open, and dirty brown snow water pooled on the surface. There had been several warm days, but now rain and wind came, and they soon melted the walls of my crystal prison. Sledges still ventured on the Neva, though the waters rose up to the horses' knees.

One morning, when I looked out of my window on the ground floor at Miss Benson's, on the English quay, the water had all gone from the surface of the ice; that was the well known sign that the ice had become too porous and spongy to hold water, and in a few hours would break away from the banks and begin to float seaward.

I had just sat down to breakfast, when a thunder-peal of cannon broke from the fortress.

"What is that, Miss Benson?" I said to our hostess at the head of the table.

"That," she replied, "is the signal that the commander of the citadel, with his officers, is crossing the river, to present the emperor at the winter palace with a goblet of Neva water in token of the return of spring. The emperor will give him the cup back filled with ducats."

"Hurrah!" I cried; "then hey for old England!"

It took me some days to get the ship off, for it was tedious going backwards and forwards to Cronstadt. It was the butter week time, that seven days' feast which precedes Lent, and is followed by the rejoicing of Easter. In the intervals of business, as I went to and fro to my agent's, I amused myself with observing the revelry of this great Russian festival.

There were thousands of peasants devouring blinni (pancakes), and caviare, honey-cakes, and nuts. There were swings, see-saws, and round-abouts. The great square of the admiralty was the chief scene of the amusements. Close to the winter palace, the war-office, and the senate-house, there were scores of temporary theaters, and long lines of ice mountains, down which the sledges kept rushing incessantly, amid the shouts and laughter of the good-natured but wild-looking peasants. At the doors of the theaters stood the tea-sellers, with huge brazen samovurs smoking in the center of their tables, and surrounded by countless teapots. The shop-keepers themselves, in fur caps and gloves, stood by their stalls, stamping, and clapping their hands, and shouting: "Gentlemen, will you please to take a glass of warm tea, with lemon or cream? How will you take the sugar?" (for a true Russian keeps his sugar in his mouth, and does not put it into his teacup). The admiralty square was strewn with nut-shells; here and there a drunken bear of a peasant, a mere reeling bundle of greasy sheepskin, jostled against me, and then, with the simple-hearted politeness of his race, took off his hat and hiccuped out; "pardon me, my little father, but remember it is Butter week."

One day I sallied out into the great square about noon to see the grandees of the capitol drive through the fair, and I never saw such a sight. The line was guarded by mounted gendarms, dressed like lancers, and wearing light blue uniforms with brown epaulettes. There were Chinese, Turks, Tartars, Germans, Englishmen, Russian princes, priests, soldiers, bearded merchants and their portly wives, Circassian officers, colonels of the body-guard in their eagle-crowned helmets, and serfs, in a long procession of carriages, which, beginning at the rock on which Peter the Great's statue stands, reached to the base of the great granite column of Alexander, face the enormous pile of the Winter Palace.

Tired at last of the procession, I turned aside to one of the largest of the wooden theaters. A clash of music from within announced the commencement of a new performance; joining the current of people, old and young, rich and poor, who were jostling for admittance, I at last made my way to the pay-place, where a mob of clamorous moujiks were thrusting out their hands with the admittance money, in childish impatience. I drew back to make way for a respectable old grey-bearded merchant and his pretty daughter, who, muffled up in a cloak trimmed with the fur of the silver fox, clung to his arm, and shrank back from the rough gesticulating crowd. I thought I had never seen so charming a girl, so tender in manner, so gentle and spring-like in beauty. The merchant and his daughter bowed and thanked me in broken English for my politeness, paid their money, and passed in. I followed rapidly, but a crowd of peasants thrust themselves in before me, so that when I took my seat I could obtain no glimpse of the merchant or his pretty daughter.

The wooden theater of the Katshell was an enormous building, built, as a peasant next me said, to hold five thousand persons. It had large galleries, balconies, and Corinthian pillars, hung with cheap drapery, and gay with red and blue paint. A vast chandelier lighted up the tent-like interior. The theater was already full when I entered, so that I had to content myself with a back seat in an upper box, not far from the head of one of the staircases, as I soon found by the keen-edged iced draught. I amused myself, while the overture was playing, with the motley view before me. The Tartar faces, only partially reclaimed from barbarism, were worth studying, now that they beamed with fun. The little oblique eyes glistened with enjoyment, the great bearded tangled heads rolling about in ecstacy. Here and there, the eye fell on a Polish or Circassian face, with large fine eyes, and almost a Greek contour. Every now and then, a group of grave portly merchants in furred caftans and boots, mingled with the serfs, but with an obtrusive reserve that showed they did so under protest. Their children, also dressed in caftans and boots, were exactly like themselves all but the beards. Nor was there any lack of women of the lower orders: rough, honest, Irish looking women, few of them in bonnets, most of them with their heads bound round with colored handkerchiefs.

I did not listen much to the music; it was that brazen mechanical sort of music, without color or life, that no one listens to. By-and-by, it ended with a jolting crash. There was a moment's pause, and the curtain drew up. A deep hush passed over the troubled waves of the pit. The children clutched their fathers' hands, the soldiers ceased their practical jokes, the country-women paused in their gossip, the boys stopped eating, every eye turned to the stage.

An honest old woman just before me—a housekeeper as I judged by her dress—amused me especially by her child-like eagerness. She put on her spectacles, and leaned forward with both hands on her knees, to drink in every word. The play was a little opera, half French, half Italian. I think they called it, "Rose and Lubin." It was a gay, trifling thing. The hero and heroine were villagers, and an old cross father, and a malicious fool, were the constant interrupters of their stolen meetings. Rose was dressed in a little tucked up gown of white silk striped with pink, and wore a gipsy hat; Lubin wore a nondescript sort of blue silk coat and flapped waistcoat, while the Zany tumbled into a thousand shapes in a sort of miller's dress all white, and a blue broad-brimmed hat. There was a good deal of hiding and searching about with soldiers, until the true lover enlists, and finally returns a general, to marry Rose. It was a flimsy, pretty bit of nonsense, mixed up with dances and songs, and now and then a chorus; and it was all over in half an hour.

Silly as it was, it pleased the audience, who shouted, laughed, and encored everything. A display of fireworks was to follow, and then a short farce. Between the acts, I tried the little Russian I knew, and asked the old woman, who had turned round and offered me some honey-cakes, "How she liked it?"

"My little father" she said, quite seriously, "it is the most wonderful thing I have ever beheld since I saw those accursed French act at Moscow, in Napoleon's time."

Suddenly all the clatter and laughter died away. The curtain had not risen, but a faint crimson light was shining behind it. It was the commencement of the pyrotechnic display, and I was curious to see what the Russians could do in these matters. The first scene was to be the illumination of the Kremlin at the coronation of the Emperor Alexander the First. Probably that was the only preparation, for, though the red light widened and glowed, the curtain, strangely enough, did not rise. The people stamped and shouted. All at once the bajozzo (the clown), in his white dress, ran forward, pale as death, his eyes staring, his hands tossing about like those of a madman. "We are on fire!" he shouted. "Save yourselves, you who can."

"Bravo, Ferrari!" cried the peasants, with roars of laughter. 'Excellent! Viva Ferrari! Bravo, Ferrari!"

The clown fled from the stage, as it seemed, in an agony of feigned fear. The laughter redoubled. A man in evening dress rushed forward, whispered to the orchestra, and waved his hand to some men who were not visible to the audience. The curtain rose swiftly at that ominous signal, and disclosed, to my horror, a rolling mass of fire and crimsoned smoke. Already the flies had caught fire and were hanging in blazing streamers. Fire rose from below, fire gleamed from above, fire darted its quick tongues from either side. The theater was on fire. The bajozzo had not been feigning, but was terribly in earnest.

I shall never forget the scream that burst from those four thousand people when the reality broke upon them. I had only an instant to look, but in that instant I saw row after row of white faces turn as by one impulse to the door. Then, came a stamping rush as of a herd of maddened animals. Many tore forward without a thought but of their own safety, others snatched up their children, others dragged forward their old mothers or fathers, or bore their wives or sweethearts in their arms. Then came the grapple for life, the trampling suffocating battle for existence that only served to hasten on death.

In many things I am coward enough but in sudden danger I have always found myself cool and collected. Perhaps a sailor's frequent hazards, and the constant thought of the possibility of death, is a sort of training; perhaps it is a constitutional quality. I know not how it is. I only state the fact. I saw immediately that though for the moment safe, and far from the full torrent of the struggle, my hopes of escape were quite as desperate as the hopes of those who were trampling each other to death at the entrance below. Unfortunately, one of the great folding-doors opened inward. In the first rush it had been closed, and now the pressure was so great it could not be moved one way or other.

The flames were spreading rapidly, the smoke rolled towards us in blinding clouds, and from those clouds darted and leaped serpent tongues of fire. The flames seemed with cruel greediness to spring from seat to seat. The slips were blazing, the orchestra was a seething pit of fire. The screams and groans on all sides were heart-breaking. I hesitated for a moment whether to remain where I was and meet death, or to breast the human whirlpool below. At that moment a surge of flame ran along the ledge of the next box to me, blacking and blistering as it went. The heat grew intense. I determined to make one struggle for life. I ran to the head of the stairs and looked down. There, the herd of screaming shouting people fought with hands and feet in a horrible tangle of life or death.

I gave myself up as lost, when a hand seized my coat. It was the old housekeeper, screaming her entreaties to me to save her. I told her to cling to me and I would do what I could. It gave me courage to think I was struggling for some one beside myself. She kneeled and prayed to God for us both. I had placed myself at the edge of the crowd in order to husband my strength for a last effort. One thing I determined, and that was that I would not save myself by treading poor women and children under foot. Rather than that, I would let the fire burn me slowly, or I would recommend my soul to God, throw myself into the crater behind me, and so die quickly. One agonising thought alone shot through my heart, and that was a thought for the tender girl I had seen so innocent and happy half an hour before.

Suddenly, as I stood there like a diver hesitating before he plunges, a peasant, scorched, and burnt, dashed past me from the crowd that had trampled upon him, and, staggering forward, half-stifled with smoke, fell face downward dead at my feet. His ax, as usual with the peasants, was thrust in his belt behind. A thought of self-preservation, surely sent straight from Heaven, flashed through my brain. I stooped and drew out the ax.

"Make way there, or I cut down the first man who stops me!" I cried out, in broken Russian.

I half fought, half persuaded, a few to give way, until I reached the bottom of the stairs, and had the bare plank wall of the outer enclosure of the theater before me.

"I will save you all," I cried. "If you will let me free my arm."

The old woman still clung to me, but as I advanced to strike my first blow at the plank partition that arose between life and death, there came a rush which for a moment separated us. I had no time or room to turn, but next moment I felt her grasp still firmer and closer. One blow, and the splinters flew; a second blow, a plank gave; a third blow, and the blessed daylight poured in on us; a fourth blow, and a chasm yawned, wide enough for the passage of myself and my charge. After us, hundreds passed out rapidly.

I found myself among a crowd of shrieking women, who were calling on an officer standing in a barouche drawn by six horses, to save their husbands, sons, brothers. Suddenly a man with a scorched beard, his eyes streaming with tears, came and took from me the woman I had saved. I was so blinded with smoke and fevered with excitement, that I had scarcely given her a thought. All I knew was, that I had saved an old woman, and, by God's grace, opened a door of escape for some hundreds of otherwise doomed creatures. When I looked round, I found the merchant whom I had before seen—he was the scorched and weeping man—shedding tears of joy over a beautiful girl who had fainted. The old woman had been divided from me in the tumult. The merchant's daughter it was who had then clasped me—it was her whom I had saved. Beautiful she looked as I bent over her and received her father's blessings.

The tall officer was the emperor. "My children" he kept saying to the mob, "I will save all I can. Bring that brave man to me."

I am not ashamed to repeat those words, though I did not deserve them.

"Englishman," he said to me in French, "the Russian nation owes you a debt of gratitude; it is for me to repay it; come to me to-morrow at the palace."

I bowed my thanks, and handed my card to one of the emperor's staff.

When the fire was subdued, and they began to dig for the bodies, the scene was agonising. Heaps of charred and trampled corpses lay under the smoking beams—some stifled, others trodden or beaten to death. Some were charred, others half roasted, many only burnt in the chest and head, the holiday clothes still bright and gay. In the galleries, women were found suffocated and leaning over the front boxes. In one passage they discovered a crowd of dead, all erect, like so many shadows marshalled from the other world. More than a hundred were found still alive, but dangerously burnt. Most of these afterwards died in the hospitals.

One little boy was discovered cowering unhurt under a bench; he had crept there when the burning roof began to break up and drop among the struggling multitude. The beams and dead bodies had so fallen as to form a shelter over his head, and there he remained till we disinterred him.

The official returns set down the number of the dead as three hundred; but my agent told me that while he himself stood there, he counted fifty wagons pass, each laden with from ten to fifteen corpses; and many people made a much higher estimate.

I need not say much about my visit to the palace; suffice it to mention that the emperor rewarded me with an order that I highly prize. On the same day the priests offered up public prayers for the souls of the sufferers, on the site of the burnt theater. It was a solemn spectacle, and as I rose from those prayers, full of gratitude to God for my deliverance, a rough hand grasped mine.

It was the merchant whose daughter I had saved. Tears streamed from his eyes as he embraced me and kissed my forehead and my cheek in the Oriental manner of his nation.

"My little father," said he, "I would rather have found thee than have cleared a thousand red rouble notes. Little Catharine, whom you saved, has been praying for you ever since. Come, you must dine with us. I will take no denial, for do I not owe you more than my life? Come, a droshky there—quick to the Fontanka; Catharine will leap for joy when she sees you."

That visit was an eventful one to me, for on my third voyage from that date I married Catherine Maslovitch, and a loving and devoted wife I found her. She is kissing my cheek as I pen these words.

But it is not to dwell upon my own personal good fortune and happiness, that I have written this plain remembrance. It is, that I may do what little I can to impress upon those who may read it, that a rush from any building on fire is certain to be fatal, and that an orderly departure from it, is certain deliverance. The theater, concert-room, church or chapel, does not exist, through which a fire could spread so rapidly as to prevent the whole assembly going out unscathed, if they would go free from panic. The Santiago case was an extremely exceptional one. The whole of the gaudy claptraps were under the management of the priests (the worst managers on earth), and what kind of priests they were, may be inferred from the fact that the base cowards all precipitately fled, and that not one of them had the manhood to stand at the altar, his place of authority, where he could be seen on a platform made to render him conspicuous, and whence his directions would have been issued at an immense advantage. Again, the assemblage was mainly composed of women and children in light inflammable dresses. Again the show was lighted by lamps of paraffine dangling by strings from the whole of the roof above the people's heads, which dropped upon them, like so many overturned pots of liquid fire, as the strings were burnt. But even under these specially disastrous conditions, great numbers of the assemblage would have been saved but for the mad rush at the door which instantly closed it. Suppose that rush not to have been made; suppose the door wide open; suppose a priest with the soul of a man in him, to have stood on the altar steps, passing the people at that end of the church, out of the priestly door (of which we hear nothing, and which the last of these quick fugitives perhaps shut after him), and how changed the result. I entreat any one who may read this experience of mine, and may afterwards be in a similar condition, to remember that in my case, and in the Santiago case, numbers lost their lives—not because the building was on fire, but because there was a desperate rush at the door. Half a dozen men capable of self-control, might save as many thousand lives, by urging this on a crowd at the critical moment, and by saying, "We will go last."

THE LOST FASHIONS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Housekeeping is not a modern institution. Eve, without a kitchen range or a Celtic house-maid, dressed pottage for our primal ancestor, and he did eat. In the far off olden time, house-keeping afforded only the actual necessity of life. If any of us had sat at meat with Cromwell or Henry VIII, we should have got from wooden trenchles, ill-cooked taurus, a coarse and unleavened cake, and a gourd of whey or beer, for our dinner. The range of house-keeping among the land holders of the British Isles in those times, was not extensive. They had no chimnies, but "did build their fires on ye hearthstone in the centre of the room, or against ye reredos, the smoke escaping through the chimney as best it might."

In the old legends we read of the rafters ringing with the mirth below them, and it was no myth, for overhead the roof was the only ceiling between the revellers and the sky. In this upper region was the domestic store-house; there they hung their beef and venison, and needed no other "smoke-house." Nights they slept on straw beds, or on the scented heather, and the poorer classes when sick, had a "good rounde log for a pillow." Not having the potato, they "did eat so much peason and oates as is absusion to thinke off." The daily allowance to the maids of honor at the court of King Hal, was a flagon of beer and a chine of beef for breakfast,—beer and beef for dinner,—broth, beer, and beef for supper. Bohea and Java were not much in use at that time.

In later years chimnies were introduced, and fifty years ago our own fathers sat before the fireplaces that would take in wood "sled length." Flanking the fireplace and its huge brass-mounted and-irons, was the capacious brick oven, famous for its cuisine achievements, which being heated twice a week, would produce such a bake as stove-ovens know not of. If our mothers needed to bake a single loaf, they swept the embers from the great hot, hearth—put it thereon—covered it with an inverted pot, and the pot with the glowing embers. In the Western States, within five years, we have eaten corn-dodgers baked in the same way. Then came the old tin bake-oven, and the revolving spit whereon to impale poultry. These in their turn disappeared, and with them most of the fire-places and brick ovens. There has been no greater invention on earth, in a small way, than the lucifer match. Forty years ago our housekeepers had to be vigilant and not let their fires go out, in which case they had to borrow it from their neighbors, or if neighbors were scarce they had to pull out their tinder-box. This consisted of a steel, a flint, and a bit of prepared tow or charred linen. Producing fire thus, on a cold morning, with the thermometer "way down," was not pleasant, so the back-log was usually covered up with ashes at night, and a bed of glowing coals on hand in the morning.

The table furniture of our ancestors was plain enough. They used wooden plates, with perhaps a heavy earthen dish in the middle of the table, for the food. From this they helped themselves with a wooden or horn spoon, and sometimes they each took a spoon and eat from it in common—no other distribution of food being attempted. After the wooden, came pewter dishes. Many a venerable housewife will tell you this day, how her dresser or "bofat" used to shine with that pewter. It was the housekeeper's pride—her household god. Now and then a pewter plate may yet be found in some of our old families, it being usually used by the small children, being less fragile than crockery.

The old fashioned fire-places afforded light enough for the household, but on special occasions a pine-knot, or a basin filled with oil with a floating wick, were introduced. Brittania lamps soon came in use, which our children yet find in the rubbish of the garret, and fresh from the tales of Aladdin, rub with hopeful zeal. Then came dipped candles, and the time is not many years bygone when the day for making dipped candles was a regular household affair. The old straight-backed chairs and X-legged tables of our mothers can yet be found in our garrets and back-rooms. They used no carpets, but the pitch-pine floors, oiled and waxed, and polished, shone like glass.

The old spinning-wheel was once a regular institution. The wool was carried to the carding machine, and came back in snowy rolls, three feet long and one-half inch thick. And our mothers spun, with the wheel-boy in one hand and drawing out the even thread with the other. They had to *walk* miles to spin a *run*. Then came the reel, giving a sharp click at every rot, which, being duly tied, the reel went on. The hand-loom found a place in many houses. The earliest weaving was done by stretching the warp on longitudinal threads, and darning in the woof, as one would darn a stocking. The household loom was a great improvement on this *slow* way. On that, an expert hand would weave eight yards of home spun in a day. The difficulties under which our mothers labored can be better appreciated now, by going through a modern woolen factory, where a thousand spindles operate by a single hand, and the shuttles fly quicker than sight.

Washing day was once terrible, and is not altogether lovely yet. But machines and wringers have lightened its labors very much.

The "old oaken bucket" was once a fragrant institution, but air pumps are better.

Housekeeping has much improved, and we hope will still be made more easy. In this line, great improvement has been, and can yet be made in houses. Convenience is everything. One women can accomplish more in a "handy" house than two can in an "unhandy" one. Many a man has thought his women were not smart because they could not accomplish so much in his house, as one would do in his neighbor's. The fault is in the house, not the women. He may not understand it but the women do. They know that it takes time to go three rods to the cistern, four to the well or spring, and three more to the wood-house; and, moreover, they know what it is to make several trips to each one in a day. Look to it, ye lords!—*Country Gentleman.*

How to be Polite.—Politeness is manifested by courteous inquiries after the friends and families of those whom you meet, and manifesting a cordial interest in them. It is shown by devoting a little space in every letter to "rembrances" for friends. It is a highly gratifying form of politeness to write occasionally to all from whom you have received kindness which warrant you in so doing. It is polite to conform your dress, and (in reason) your habits, to the tastes or feelings of those whose guest or associate you may be. It is polite and complimentary to inquire after any one of whose acquaintance your friend may have reason to be proud. It is polite, when you are a guest, to endeavor to enjoy yourself and make others do so. It is polite to those assembled in any place, to avoid hard argument, and all noisy remarks or "remarkable" conduct. It is polte to promptly ask every one to take a chair who enters your house or office, and the more cultivated you are, the more widely will you extend such courtesies to humble people. It is polite to do everything for another which would gratify him or her, and is not unreasonable. It is polite to make no allusion to age. It is polite to spare people older than yourself, and women of any age, any exertion or personal effort, even in the merest trifles. It is polite to take no notice whatever of accidents or annoying occurrences, unless by so doing you can be of assistance. It is polite to make ready and unstudied sacrifices of your exertion or of your comfort to gratify others; as, for instance, to always escort any lady, or do a service for a friend. It is polite to suppress your peculiar tenets in religion or politics before those who differ with you. It is polite to never take it upon yourself in any way to punish any person, unless it be distinctly your business to do so. It is polite to avoid practical jokes. It is polite, when you have offended any one, or hurt his feelings in any way, to apologize for it, as clearly as possible, without reservation or excuse, since the more vulgar a man is, the more does he obscure and degrade an apology by self-justification. It is polite to express an interest in or admiration of that which is dear to others. It is more polite to accept a gift or a courtesy, especially from humble people, than to refuse it; and it is polite to show the *utmost* kindness and courtesy to those who have been reduced by adversity. And it is something more than polite to interpose and shield another person from mortification, wounded self-respect, and loss of dignity.—*Art of Conversation.*

☞ When Cornelius Vanderbilt was a young man, his mother gave him $50 of her savings to buy a small sail boat, and he engaged in the business of transporting market gardening from Staten Island to New York City. When the wind was not favorable he worked his way over the shoals by pushing the boat along by poles, and was very sure to get his freight into market in season. This energy always gave him command of full freights and he accumulated money. After a while he began to build and run steamboats; and he is now reputed to be worth more than nineteen millions of dollars, after making the Government a present, as a free gift, of a steamship that cost $800,000!

Canine Views of Life.—Your father was the postilion's dog. We have journeyed and driven, and I know both dogs and men on both sides of the mountains. It has not been my habit to speak much; but now we shall have so short a time for conversation, I will say a little more than usual, and will relate to you something on which I have ruminated a great deal. I cannot understand it, nor can you; but that is of no consquence. But I have gathered this from it: That the good things of this world are not dealt out equally either to dogs or mankind—all are not born to be in laps or drink milk. I have never been accustomed to such indulgencies; but I have seen a whelp of a little dog travelling inside a post-chaise, occupying a man's or a woman's seat, and the lady to whom he belonged, or whom he governed carried a bottle of milk, from which she helped him. She also offered him sponge-cakes; but he would not condescend to eat them—he only sniffed at them—so she eat them herself. I was running in the sun, by the side of the carriage, as hungry as a dog could; but I had only to chew the cud of bitter reflection. Things were not so justly meted out as they might have been; but when are they? May you come to drive in carriages and lie in fortune's lap! but you can't bring all this about yourself. I never could, either by barking or growling.

Confidence in Wives.—If you are in trouble or a quandary, tell your wife—that is if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother, or your sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Woman are too commonly adjudged verdant in all but purely womanly affrirs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions or insight are more subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counselling one to tell his troubles to his wife, we would go further, and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and prophet than a man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate it, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence. We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his impulses or judgment, she may check and set right with her almost universally right instincts. "Helpmeet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is helpmeet to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. And what she most craves and most deserves, is *confidence*—without which love is never free from a shadow.

New Office.—T. H. Canfield, Esq., the active and efficient Agent and Secretary of the Champlain Transportation Company, has fitted up the store West side of the Square, formerly occupied by Prentice & Co., into an elegant and convenient suite of offices for the company. The rooms include a large and airy front office, with the necessary counters, &c., and in the rear a tasteful counting room, private office and ticket clerk's room, all connected, well lighted and tastefully carpeted,—just what the company has needed but never had.—*Free Press.*

☞ A good story is told of a certain prominent railroad gentleman of Buffalo, who is equally renowned for his ability to make and take a joke. A railroad employee, whose home is in Avon, came one Saturday night to ask for a pass down to his family.

"You are in the employ of the railroad," enquired the gentleman alluded to.

"Yes."

"You receive your pay regularly?"

"Yes."

"Well, now suppose you were working for a farmer instead of a railroad; would you expect your employer to hitch up his team every Saturday night and carry you home?"

This seemed a poser, but it wasn't.

"No," said the man promptly, "I wouldn't expect that; but if the farmer had his team hitched up, and was going my way, I should call him a darned mean cuss if he wouldn't let me ride."

Mr. employee came out three minutes afterwards with a pass, good for three months.

☞ A Methodist minister in Kansas living on a small salary, was greatly troubled to get his quarterly instalment. He at last told the non-paying trustees that he must have money, as he was suffering for the necessaries of life. "Money!" replied the trustees, "you preach for money? We thought you preached for the good of souls." "Souls!" respond the reverend, "I can't eat souls—and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal!"

—The individual who attempted to raise colts from horse-chestnuts, went into the market the other day, and inquired for a mock turtle to make a mock-turtle soup.